




A MERRY CHRISTMAS



TWO EARLY BIRDS





Gee ! the days do slip away !
Doesn't seem no time
Since I brought that other card
With my Christmas rhyme.

Since then you ain't seen me much ;
I'm an early worm.
But your paper's been on time
All through shine and storm.

Things don't always come too good
For a carrier lad.
Often we are cold or wet,
Often tired and sad.

Long before the sun is up,
Plodding through the street,
Whether it be rain or hail,
Snow or wind or sleet.

Got to take our share of work,
Give our folks a lift.
So you'll know we're grateful for
Every Christmas gift.

Dime or quarter—even a half—
(I could use it, too),
But which one I'm goin' to get—
Well, that's up to you.

